

# The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fifth.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

## INDUCTION.

Enter Rumour.

Pen your Eares: For which of you will stop  
The vent of Hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?  
I, from the Orient, to the drooping West  
(Making the winde my Post-horse) still unfold  
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.  
Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,  
The which, in every Language, I pronounce,  
Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports:  
I speake of Peace, while covert Enmitie  
(Vnder the smile of Safety) wounds the World:  
And who but Rumour, who but onely I  
Make fearfull Musters, and prepar'd Defence,  
Whil't the bigge yeare, swolne with some other griefes,  
Is thought with childe, by the sterne Tyrant, Warre,  
And no such matter? Rumour, is a Pipe  
Blowne by Surmises, Ielousies, Coniectures;  
And of so easie, and so plaine a stop,  
That the blunt Monster, with vncounted heads,  
The still discordant, wauering Multitude,  
Can play vpon it. But what neede I thus  
My well-knowne Body to Anatomize  
Among my household? Why is Rumour heere?  
I run before King Harries victory,  
Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie  
Hath beaten downe yong Hotspurre, and his Troopes,  
Qvenching the flame of bold Rebellion,  
Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meane I  
To speake so true at first? My Office is  
To noyse abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell  
Vnder the Wrath of Noble Hotspurres Sword:  
And that the King, before the Douglas Rage  
Stoop'd his Anointed head, as low as death.  
This haue I rumourd through the peasant-Townes,  
Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie,  
And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,  
Where Hotspurres Father, old Northumberland,  
Lyes crafty sicke. The Postes come tying on,  
And not a man of them brings other newes  
Then they haue learn'd of Me. From Rumours Tongues,  
They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worse then True-  
wrongs.

Exit.

## Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L. Bar. Who keeps the Gate heere hos?  
Where is the Earle?

Por. What shall I say you are?

Bar. Tell thou the Earle

That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him heere.

Por. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard,  
Please it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,  
And he himselfe will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L. Bar. Heere comes the Earle.

Nor. What newes Lord Bardolfe? Eu'ry minute now  
Should be the Father of some Stratagem;  
The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horse  
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose,  
And beares downe all before him.

L. Bar. Noble Earle,

I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.

Nor. Good, and heaven will.

L. Bar. As good as heart can wish:

The King is almost wounded to the death:  
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,  
Prince Harrie slaine our-right: and both the Blunts,  
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas. Yong Prince Iohn,  
And Westmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field,  
And Harrie Monmouth's Brawne (the Hulke Sir Iohn)  
Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day,  
(So fought, so follow'd, and so fairely wonne)  
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times  
Since Cæsars Fortunes.

Nor. How is this deserv'd?

Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?

L. Bar. I spake with one (my L.) that came frō thence,  
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,  
That freely render'd me these newes for true.

Nor. Heere comes my Seruant Trauers, whom I sent  
On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.

Enter Trauers.

L. Bar. My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way,  
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,  
More then he (haply) may reuail from me.

Nor. Now Trauers, what good tidings comes frō you?

## The second Part of King Henry the

Tra. My Lord, Sir Iohn Umfreuill turn'd me backe  
With ioyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)  
Ouer-rod me. After him, came spurring head  
A Gentleman (almost fore-spent with speed)  
That stopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horse.  
He ask'd the way to Chester: And of him  
I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury:  
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,  
And that yong Harry Percy's Spurre was cold.  
With that he gaue his able Horse the head,  
And bending forwards strooke his able heeles  
Against the panting sides of his poore Iade  
Vp to the Rowell head, and starting so,  
He seem'd in running, to deuoure the way,  
Saying no longer question.

Nor. Ha? Againe:  
Said he yong Harry Percy's Spurre was cold?  
(Of Hot-Spurre, cold-Spurre?) that Rebellion,  
Had met ill lucke?

L. Bar. My Lord: He tell you what, when he  
Saw yong Lord your Sonne, haue not the day,  
Vpon mine Honor, for a filken point  
Ilegue my Barony. Neuer talke of it,  
Nor why should the Gentleman that rode by Trauers  
Giue then such instances of Losse?

L. Bar. Who, he?  
He was some hilding Fellow, that had stolne  
The Horse he rode on: and vpon my life  
Speake at aduerture. Looke, here comes more Newes.

Enter Morton.

Nor. Yea, this mans brow, like to a Tittle-leafe,  
Fore-tells the Nature of a Tragick Volume:  
So lookes the Strand, when the Imperious Flood  
Hath left a witnest Vsurpation.

Say Morton, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury?  
Mort. I can from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)  
Where hateful death put on his vgly Maske  
To fight our party.

Nor. How doth my Sonne, and Brother?  
Thou trembl'st; and the whitenesse in thy Cheeke  
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.

Euen such a man, so faint, so spiritlesse,  
So dull, so dead in looke, so woe-be-gone,  
Drew Priams Curtaine, in the dead of night,  
And would haue told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.

But Priam found the Fire, ere he his Tongue:  
And I, my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.  
This, thou would'st say: Your Sonne did thus, and thus:  
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble Douglas,  
Stopping my greedy care, with their bold deeds.

But in the end (to stop mine Eare indeed)  
Thou hast a Sigh, to blow away this Praise,  
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.

Mort. Douglas is liuing, and your Brother, yet:  
But for my Lord, your Sonne.

Nor. Why, he is dead.  
See what a ready tongue Suspicion hath:  
He that but feares the thing, he would not know,  
Hath by Instinct, knowledge from others Byes,

That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet speake (Morton)  
Tell thou thy Earle, his Dimination Lies,  
And I will take it, as a sweet Disgrace,  
And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.

Mort. You are too great, to be (by me) gaind:  
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